

Thomas The Tank Engine and Friends Season 7 Transcript

Emily's New Coaches

It was a splendid day on the Island of Sodor. Thomas was taking Annie and Clarabel back to the yard. A new engine had arrived, and he wanted to say hello. The engine was beautiful, with shiny paintwork and a gleaming brass dome.

"Thomas! Meet Emily!"

"Hello!"

"Hello to you!"

"Emily! Collect your coaches please. You and your driver must learn the line."

"Yes, sir!"

She answered. Thomas was impressed. Later, the only coaches Emily's driver could find were Annie and Clarabel. "These aren't your sort of coaches..." He said. "But I suppose they'll do..." Annie and Clarabel felt insulted. "How dare he say 'We'll do.?!'" Clarabel whispered.

Emily puffed carefully along the track. "How dare he say 'We'll do.?!' How dare he say 'We'll do.?!'" Grumbled the coaches. Thomas saw Emily coming down the line pulling Annie and Clarabel.

"Hello, Thomas!"

Emily called. But Thomas was cross. "Those are my coaches!" He muttered. "Give them back!" Emily didn't hear Thomas and she went on her way. Then, Edward passed... And Percy... When Emily whistled hello, the engines didn't whistle back. Emily couldn't understand why they were so unfriendly. She was upset. Later, the Fat Controller spoke to Thomas.

"I want you to go to the docks to pick up new coaches."

"New coaches? But sir...!"

"Really useful engines don't argue..."

Said the Fat Controller. Thomas didn't want new coaches. He wanted Annie and Clarabel back. When Oliver saw Emily return to the yards, he was surprised. "Those are Thomas's coaches!"

"So THAT'S why he looked cross!"

Exclaimed Emily.

"I'll go and apologise..."

"Don't want new coaches! Don't want new coaches!" Chuffed Thomas. Later, Emily was still looking for Thomas when a signalman flagged her down. "Oliver hasn't cleared his signal box!" He told Emily's driver. "Please go and see what's wrong!" Emily could see that Oliver had broken down on the crossing. Then Emily heard Thomas' whistle. He could see Oliver, and he knew he could never stop in time. "Oooooh!" Emily charged towards Oliver, and with a huge effort, pushed him across the tracks. Just in time. Later, the Fat Controller praised Emily.

"Well done! You were a very brave engine!"

"The bravest!" Chuffed Oliver.

"It gives me great pleasure to present you with two new coaches."

"Thank you, sir!" Replied Emily.

"I'm sorry I took Annie and Clarabel!" "And I'm sorry I was so cross!" replied Thomas. "Friends?" "Friends." Emily loves her coaches, and being part of the Fat Controller's railway.

Percy Gets it Right

At harvest time, the air is filled with the smell of fresh fruit and vegetables. The engines happily deliver their loads to market. But one day, mist and rain swirled down Toby's line. Percy was delivering a load of fresh tomatoes. Suddenly, he felt a big bump. "Bust my buffers!" Percy cried. "What was that?" The guard put out the warning flags, while Percy's driver inspected the tracks. "The earth's crumbling!" he said. "We must tell the Fat Controller!" Decided Percy.

Percy puffed back as fast as he could. "I've got important news! The tracks on Toby's line are wobbly!" "Huh!" Huffed Gordon. "Old and wobbly just like Toby! That's not news. Can't stop to listen to your silly chatter!" "Gordon never listens to me..." Muttered Percy. Next, he spoke to the Fat Controller. "Sir! Sir!"

"Not now, Percy! Thomas! You are to collect the prize bull. He's at the farm on Toby's line."

"But those tracks are wobbly!" Cried Percy.

"They are safe enough!" Said the Fat Controller.

"Bye, Percy!" "Nobody ever listens to me!" Thomas was carefully chuffing through the rain. Soon, he had collected the farmer's bull and was on his way back. The rain had made the tracks more wobbly than ever. Suddenly, there was a deep rumbling sound. Thomas's driver applied the brakes. But it was too late. "Cinders and ashes!" Cried Thomas. "We're stuck!" And they were.

Late that night, Thomas still hadn't returned. Percy was worried. "Thomas is in trouble!" He said. Gordon and James took no notice. "Worry wheels!" Huffed Gordon.

"Fussy funnel!"

Said James. "Please..." Percy asked his driver. "Can we find Thomas?" "Right away!" Said his driver. Percy was nervous, but his lamp shone brightly in the dark. The tracks creaked and wobbled, but Percy pressed on.

"Percy!" Cried Thomas. Thomas was very happy to see his friend. "I'll have you out in no time!" Said Percy. Percy puffed, and pull, and pulled, and puffed. And finally, Thomas and his driver were free. "Oh, thank you!" Said Thomas. "I'm glad to be useful!" Smiled Percy. It was dawn before the track was clear, then Percy and Thomas made their way back home. "Thomas is here!" Whistled Percy. "Percy saved the day!" Said Thomas.

"I'm sorry, Percy."

Said the Fat Controller.

"We must do a better job of listening to you in future!"

Percy was pleased!

Bill, Ben and Fergus

Fergus, a small railway traction engine, works on the Island of Sodor. One day, he was on his way to the quarry. He had a special job to do for the Fat Controller. "Hello!" Whistled Thomas. "Where are you going?" "To the quarry!" Fergus chuffed happily. "Watch out for the twins!" Said Thomas. "They love to make mischief!" "I won't let young rascals rattle me!" "You don't know the twins like I do..." Warned Thomas.

Fergus arrived at the quarry. He went to work with Mavis and the twins. "I'm afraid the trucks are in a mess..." Said Mavis. "Not to worry! We'll sort them out!" Bill and Bam were delighted. "Now we'll have some fun!" Whistled Ben. "We'll have the old boiler in a spin!" Steamed Bill. Fergus liked helping Mavis, but he didn't like the way the twins were behaving one bit. Bill banged his trucks hard. Some rocks fell onto the track. "Do it right!" Fergus ordered. Bill didn't like being ordered about by a traction engine. "Don't interfere!" He snapped back. Then Ben pushed his trucks to block the line. Fergus was stuck. "Out of my way!" Steamed Fergus, but Ben just grinned.

The next day, the men were blasting rock. "Wait for the all clear signal!" Fergus called to Bill and Ben. "Do it right!" "There he goes again!" Puffed Bill. "Do it right, from morning 'til night!" "Keep your funnel out of our quarry!" Huffed Ben.

The quarymaster sent Bill and Ben to collect a rock crusher from the harbour. Fergus was left in peace with Mavis. The twins were still thinking about Fergus. "He's just an old fusspot!" Said Bill. "He's always saying do it right!"

"Well, the next thing he tells us to do..." Wheeshed Bill... "We'll do it wrong!" They laughed. "Heeeeeeeeh!" Bill and Ben steamed back to the quarry. The rock crusher was heavy, shaking the rails as they went.

"The blasting has made that rock face unsafe." Warned Fergus. "Don't go near it, do it right!" But the twins took no notice of Fergus, and were very naughty. As roughly as they could, they rattled the load towards the cliff.

"Look out!" Cried Fergus, and he rushed forward and bumped Bill and Ben out of the way. His driver jumped to safety as the rocks began to fall, but Fergus was covered in rocks right up to his funnel.

It took a long time to dig him out. And no one worked harder to help than Bill and Ben. At last, Fergus was free. Bill and Ben were ashamed. "We shouldn't have been so naughty..." Said Bill. "We're very sorry..." Added Ben. "Good." Smiled Fergus. "From now on, we can all do it right together."

The Old Bridge

Rheneas and Skarloey work on the most beautiful line on the Island of Sodor. They love to puff through the forests and over the rivers. An old bridge crosses one of the rivers. Some of its beams were rotten, and had now been damaged by a storm. Skarloey chuffed happily along. He didn't see the broken rail until it was too late. He dangled dangerously above the water. "HELP!" But Rheneas soon pulled him to safety. A few days later, the Fat Controller came to the sheds. "The old bridge has been mended. The workers' trucks have been left there. Skarloey! I need you to collect them."

"Yes, sir..." Chuffed Skarloey, but he didn't want to go on the bridge again. When Skarloey arrived, he saw the trucks on the other side. He started to cross, but stopped. He looked down into the rushing water. Skarloey was scared. He remembered what had happened before. "Come on, Skarloey!" Called his driver. "The bridge is safe now!" But Skarloey wouldn't cross the bridge... And he and his driver went home instead. "We'll pick up the trucks." Said Rheneas' driver. "But if you don't cross the bridge soon," said Rheneas, "the Fat Controller will be cross." Now Rheneas had to take Skarloey's loads as well as his own. Each morning, he collected the trucks, puffing across the bridge with his heavy load. Finally, the Fat Controller came to see Skarloey.

"If you won't cross the old bridge, you must stay here and shunt trucks! I can't have engines that won't do as they're told."

"Sorry, sir..." Said Skarloey sadly. The next morning, Rheneas took Skarloey's heavy trucks as usual. Then he puffed and heaved through the countryside towards the bridge. He puffed so hard that he ran out of water. "Bother!"

The yard manager spread the news. "Rheneas has broken down." "We must go and help him!" He said bravely. They set off immediately. Skarloey was scared, but determined. He rolled slowly up to the edge. The bridge creaked loudly. The river seemed deeper than ever. "I must rescue my friend..." Whispered Skarloey. He chuffed slowly onto the bridge. The bridge groaned as he rolled forward but Skarloey puffed on.

Finally his driver coupled up and pulled Rheneas to safety.

"Thank you!" Said Rheneas. "You were very brave to help me!" Skarloey is no longer afraid of the bridge, and loves his journeys more than ever.

Edward's Brass Band

Summer is a busy time on the Island of Sodor. Holidaymakers have so much to see and do. There are trips to the seaside, balloon rides in the country, and the brass band playing. One morning, Edward was in a hurry. He didn't even stop to say hello to Stepney. Thomas was pleased to see Edward. "Your smile's as broad as your smokebox!" "I'm on my way to pick up the brass band." Replied Edward. "The concert is tomorrow night!" "Don't crack your smokebox!" Teased Thomas. Edward couldn't wait to hear the brass band play their wonderful music. He was so excited about meeting the brass band that he didn't notice the giant crane. It was unloading a huge ship's boiler. Suddenly, the crane swung the boiler and knocked Edward right off the track. Cranky had been watching.

"You useless little engines are always in the way!"

Poor Edward... The Fat Controller came immediately.

"We will take you to the fitter's yard and Bertie will have to meet the brass band instead of you." Edward was sad. A raging storm rolled in. The fitters worked through the night trying to mend Edward. The rain pelted down. Now Edward felt sad and very damp. Morning came and The Fat Controller arrived. "Please, sir..." pleaded Edward. "Will the fitters be finished soon?"

"Not soon enough, and the band can't wait. I'm sorry Edward, Bertie will take them to the concert."

Edward felt worse than ever... Bertie collected the brass band and set off immediately. He bumped cheerfully along the country roads, but there was trouble ahead. Last night's storm had flooded the road. Bertie's driver decided to take a shortcut, but it was very muddy.

Bertie's wheels did not like the mud. They scooted, they skated, they slid, they slipped. "I'm stuck!" He groaned. Bertie revved his engine, but his wheels spun round and round. He couldn't budge. The brass band were worried. "We mustn't be late for our concert!" "Tune up your tuba!" Cried the leader of the band. "We'll call for help!" By now, Edward was mended and hooked up to his coaches. "I can hear music!" Said his driver. "That's not music..." Wheeshed Edward.

"That's an alarm!" And they raced off to the rescue.

The musicians were delighted to see their old friend. So was Bertie. "I'll get you to the concert in time!" Edward cried. "Thank you!" Said the worried bandsmen.

That night, the concert was a great success. Everyone loved the music. Especially Edward.

What's the Matter with Henry

t was the end of a busy day. The engines had been working hard. They were pleased and proud. Except Henry. He was feeling ill. "What's the matter with you, Henry?" Thomas asked. "My boilers grumbling..." "Maybe it's grumbling at you!" "That's not funny!" Hissed Henry. "You just don't care!" But Emily saw that Henry was leaving a puddle of water behind. She was worried. The next morning, the Fat Controller arrived.

"Thomas, Henry, Percy! I want you to collect some trucks and take them to the docks!" "Yes sir!" Cried Thomas and Percy. Henry watched the engines puff away. He didn't feel well. Useful engines don't complain... He was leaving water everywhere as he chuffed towards the coaling plant. When Emily saw this, she was more worried than ever.

Then Thomas and Percy overtook Henry. "Hurry up, Henry!" Percy tooted.

"I can't go any faster..." Henry chuffed miserably. "You're just being lazy!" Teased Thomas. By the time Thomas and Percy reached the coaling plant, they had a naughty plan. "Please, sir! Henry wants to take more trucks!" "He is bigger!" Added Percy. The yard manager agreed. Meanwhile, Emily was talking to the Fat Controller.

"Och! I'm worried about Henry!" "Perhaps his tubes are leaking..." Replied the Fat Controller. "You'd better check."

By the time Henry reached the coaling plant, Thomas and Percy had already left.

"Why did Thomas and Percy leave me so many trucks?!"

Moaned Henry. "They know I'm not feeling well!"

"We'll still have to take them..." Said his driver. Henry chuffed, and puffed, and pulled his long "You can do it, Henry!" Encouraged his driver. But it was no use. Henry ground to a halt. Just then, Emily arrived. "Are you alright, Henry?" "No..." Moaned Henry. "I'm stuck!"

Henry's fireman uncoupled the heavy coal trucks. Emily changed tracks and then hooked up to Henry. "Ugh, thank you Emily!" Wheeshed Henry.

Emily and Henry puffed into the docks.

"Well done, Emily!"

Said the Fat Controller. Then he spoke to Henry.

"You were brave, Henry. You weren't well, but you still tried to pull the heavy trucks!"

Thomas and Percy felt ashamed. "We're sorry, Henry..." Said Thomas. "We didn't think you were really sick." Added Percy.

"Go back and collect Henry's trucks straight away!"

Said the Fat Controller sternly. "Yes, sir..." Whispered Thomas. Soon, Henry was mended and back at work.

"You're looking so much better!"

Said Emily.

"Well, they've mended me tubes... But they didn't even look at me brakes! Me gauges! Me squeaky wheels!"

"All in good time, Henry!"

Poor Henry...

James and the Queen of Sodor

The engines on the Island of Sodor want to be responsible, reliable, and really useful. They are happiest when the Fat Controller gives them important work to do. James thinks his work is very important indeed. He is proud of his red paint and likes to look clean and smart. One day, Percy puffed to the washdown. "My whistle's clogged!" He tried to blow hard to clean it out, but instead blew mud all over Gordon. "Silly!" Huffed Gordon. Percy was trying not to laugh.

"Keep your dirt away from me!" I'm collecting the mayor today!"

"I should do that!"

"Really?!"

Chuckled James.

"You'd need a washdown first!"

"Pah!" Snorted Gordon. James just laughed. Soon James had collected the mayor and puffed proudly away.

"Just look at me, Gordon!"

"Show-off..." Grunted Gordon. The Fat Controller came to the sheds.

"I need an engine to collect the Queen of Sodor."

"Who's the Queen of Sodor?"

"A leaky old barge."

Replied the Fat Controller.

"She needs to go to the workshops. It's dirty work, I'm afraid..."

Just then, James shunted into the sheds. This gave Gordon an idea. "Is collecting the Queen of Sodor important work too?"

"Very important work. Do I have a volunteer?"

"Very important work?"

Exclaimed James.

"I'll do it!" "Then it's settled. She's waiting at the canal." "Thank you, sir!" Said James. Gordon was delighted. His plan was working. "I'm here to collect the Queen of Sodor!"

Announced James. "There she is!" Said the yard manager. James was furious.

"THAT OLD TUB?! Gordon tricked me, he wants me to get dirty! I'll show him! A shiny engine like me never gets dirty!" Soon, James set off with the Queen of Sodor. It was a long journey to the workshops.

"Shiny and clean! Shiny and clean!"

Puffed James. Then there was trouble. The tall funnel of the old barge crashed through a pipe. James was sure he'd get covered in sludge. But he didn't...

"Shiny and clean! Shiny and clean!"

He declared again. The workmen soon cleared the mess, and then James was on his way. He arrived safe and sound, pleased that the dirty work was done.

When James returned to the sheds, he was very proud of himself. "How did you manage to stay so clean?" "I have to stay clean!" Boasted James. "In case there's important work to do!" Just then, Percy returned from the quarry. "My whistle is clogged again! Watch out, James!" Dust went everywhere! "I did warn you..." "You'll need a washdown now!" Teased Thomas.

"Good!" Snorted James. "It will make me redder than ever! I'm such a splendid engine!"

"Oh! Ooh! Uhh! Urgh...!"

The Refreshment Lady's Tea Shop

It was a hot summer's day on the Island of Sodor. The engines were busy taking trucks full of slate from the quarry. The heat and dust made their axles ache.

"We've shunted every truck in the quarry today!" Wheeshed Skarloey. "But I'm too thirsty to feel useful..." Complained Peter Sam. The summer sunshine made people thirsty too. The Refreshment Lady was keeping very busy at the tearooms. The next day, the Fat Controller had news for Peter Sam.

"The Refreshment Lady needs a place for another tearoom."

"I can find her a beautiful place!"

"I knew it. It'll be a piece of cake!"

"Tearooms don't live in cakes..."

"It's just my way of saying. It'd be fun and easy to find the right place!"

Peter Sam puffed along the Woodland Way. And the old castle causeway. And the Whispering Waterfall.

"Thank you, Peter Sam."

Said the Refreshment Lady.

"But I don't know what to do, I can't make up me mind! What a shame I can't put the tearoom in each place..."

Peter Sam was very disappointed, he didn't feel useful. That night, there was a storm. Lighting flashed and thunder crashed. The rain poured down. All the engines were talking excitedly about the storm, except Peter Sam. He was thinking about the Refreshment Lady's tearoom. The next morning, the Fat Controller came to the sheds.

"Peter Sam, I want you to go and help Rusty clear the storm damage."

"Yes, sir." Peter Sam said, and he hurried away. 'At last!' He thought. He could be really useful. Peter Sam soon found Rusty. The storm had swept a shed onto the line. "Driver says this shed is useless now!" "It's not a shed!" Exclaimed Peter Sam. "It's an old railway coach!" And that gave him an idea...

Back at the yards, his driver spoke to the Fat Controller. "Peter Sam thinks this old coach could be a tearoom!"

"I'll have Jem take a look. I'm sure he can repair it!"

Agreed the Fat Controller. The Fat Controller was right. In no time at all, the old coach had turned into a tearoom on wheels. The Refreshment Lady could hardly believe her eyes.

"Ooh! It's beautiful! I told you it'd be a piece of cake!"

The Fat Controller paused.

"Err... And with many cakes in it, I'm sure!"

Then he spoke to Peter Sam.

"And you shall pull the Teashop Special!"

"I'd be proud to!" Replied Peter Sam. Now, the Refreshment Lady serves tea at all her favourite places. At Woodland Way... The old castle causeway... And Whispering Waterfall... Peter Sam is a happy engine. "I told you it would be a piece of cake..."

The Spotless Record

A brand new tank engine was racing across the Island of Sodor. He was very excited, and he didn't want to be late.

"Right on time!"

Said the Fat Controller. Thomas and Percy looked at the big tank engine. He was very smart.

'This is Arthur!'

Said the Fat Controller.

"He's here to shunt trucks and pull freight."

"Nice to meet you!" Puffed Arthur politely.

"And he's got a spotless record."

The Fat Controller added. "Er, what's a spotless record?" Whispered Percy. "It means he's never been naughty or made a mess." Replied Thomas. The three engines were soon at work.

Thomas and Percy were bumping trucks. They knew this was naughty, but they were having fun. "Join in, Arthur!" said Thomas. "No, thank you!" Wheeshed the new engine. He'd never been naughty before. Arthur's first job was to push a trainload of fruit to market. The trucks started to sing.

"A-root toot tow! We want to go! The fruit's going off 'cos you're too slow!"

"How rude!" Huffed Arthur. This gave Thomas a naughty idea. "The Fat Controller doesn't like the trucks singing." Said Thomas. "You must stop them!" "Thank you!" Said Arthur. "I will!"

Arthur was glad he could keep the trucks in order. "He'll never stop the trucks from singing!"

Laughed Thomas. Arthur chuffed cheerfully through the countryside. Soon, the trucks started singing again.

"Chuff chuff chuff! You tug and huff! But you're so rusty, you can't even puff!"

"Stop singing!" Huffed Arthur. "Trucks should do as they're told!"

The Troublesome Trucks were cross. If they couldn't sing, they would teach Arthur a lesson instead. "We'll show him!" They giggled. "He can't push us around!" Arthur struggled over bridges, and he huffed and puffed through tunnels. He came over the top of a big hill. "You can't catch us!" Laughed the trucks.

"Wheeeeeesh!"

But there was trouble ahead. Duck had stopped at the crossing at the bottom of the hill. Arthur's driver applied the brakes, but it was too late... Squashed fruit flew everywhere! Arthur was upset. His spotless record was ruined. "Beep beep! What a mess!" Puffed Thomas. The Fat Controller was very annoyed.

"What's happened here?"

"The trucks were singing. I told them to stop, but they made me go too fast!" "Please, sir. It's my fault..." Thomas told the Fat Controller what he had done.

"Arthur, it's... Er-er... fruitless for me to say more, but Thomas, you must help clear up this mess!" Harvey arrived with the breakdown crane. He could see there was a lot of work to be done. Everyone worked hard, and Thomas took the loaded trucks away.

That evening, Arthur was having the squashed fruit cleaned out of this funnel. "I'm sorry I played a trick on you." Said Thomas. "Thanks for owning up to it." Replied Arthur. "Maybe spotless records are made to be broken." Smiled Thomas. "And then mended again!" Finished Arthur. "Just like friendships."

Toby's Windmill

There are many beautiful places on the Island of Sodor. The engines love the pretty watermill, the peaceful canals, and the castle on the loch. Toby's favourite place is the old windmill. The windmill is worn - it cannot make much flour now. Toby loves to watch the sails go round, and the miller is his friend. "Good morning, Toby!" One day, Toby was collecting a load of flour to take to the market. But he was so busy watching the windmill's sails, that he forgot to look where he was going.

All the flour was damaged and the miller was upset. "If I can't sell my flour, I'll have to shut down the windmill." "I'm sorry!" Sighed Toby. Harvey arrived to put the trucks back on the track. Toby was sad. "What will the miller do if his mill shuts down?" "It's a shame," said his driver, "but we must hurry Toby. There's a storm on the way!"

Toby couldn't sleep that night. It wasn't the thunder and lightning that kept him awake. He was still worrying about the miller. That stormy night the old windmill was struck by lightning.

The next morning, Toby chuffed carefully along his branch line. The storm had torn trees from the ground, and farm buildings had been damaged. Then Toby saw the most shocking sight of all. "The windmill is broken!" He cried. "This means the end of my business..." Said the Miller sadly. "I can't afford the timber to make repairs." Toby really wanted to help. "There must be a way!"

Suddenly his driver saw a fallen tree ahead. Harvey and Terence were clearing the track. The Fat Controller was cross.

"This storm has caused confusion and delay!" Remove this tree immediately!"

But Toby had an idea. "Please, sir! The windmill has been broken. The wood from this tree can mend it and make it work again!"

"A splendid idea!"

Agreed the Fat Controller. Toby proudly took the tree to the miller.

The miller was delighted. "Now we can build our windmill back up again. It will be as good as new!"

Toby watched as the work began. It took a long time, but at last a new windmill was completed. The Fat Controller was most impressed. The Miller was grateful. "Thank you, Toby! Your idea saved my windmill!" Toby beamed happily. Now the windmill produces more flour than ever before, and Toby makes twice as many deliveries to the market. He never tires of watching the sails go round. And he is very proud that the miller now calls it: Toby's Windmill.

Bad Day at Castle Loch

Donald and Douglas are Scottish twins. They enjoy working on the Fat Controller's railway. But sometimes they long for Scotland: their old home. One day, the Fat Controller called them to the docks.

"Lord Callan's Castle is finally reopening. There is to be a grand celebration tomorrow. I need you to take the banners, bunting and bagpipes to that castle. Harvey! You must load them straight away!"

"Yes sir."

Chuffed Harvey. The twins were excited. Going to Lord Callan's Castle would be like going home again. Soon, Harvey had finished loading the trucks. "Where are you going?" Asked Percy.

"Lord Callan's Castle!"

Donald proudly announced.

"By Castle Loch?"

"I'm glad I'm not going to Castle Loch..." Wheeshed Percy nervously.

"Scared the monster might get ya?"

Teased Douglas. "He might..." Said Donald. "There's no monster!" "There is to!" "There is not!" "Is to!" "Is not!" "Is to!"

Lord Callan's Castle is in Misty Valley. Donald and Douglas were determined to get the important goods to the castle on time. They puffed proudly around the loch toward the destination.

"There it is!" Cried Donald. "We're almost there!" Shouted Douglas. But there was trouble ahead. Trees had fallen across the line. Donald and Douglas stopped just in time. Then suddenly, there was a loud crash. The brake van had been hit by a landslide and come off the rails. They were stuck. "We could take the causeway." said Donald's driver. Douglas' driver knew the causeway was old and rickety. "It's too dangerous!" He said. The twins were worried. "We'll never get to the castle now!"

Chuffed Donald. "I'll call for help." Said Douglas' driver.

"Splendid outfit, sir!"

The Fat Controller was trying on his present from Lord Callan when he heard the news.

"Donald and Douglas? Trapped by the loch?"

He said.

"I'll send help as soon as I can!"

But the hours passed. It grew dark and cold, and still no help had come. Suddenly, the twins spotted something strange through the mist.

"W-What's that?!" Called Donald? "I-Is it the monster?!" Cried Douglas. "For sure, it is!!"

Answered Donald. "It's not. It's us!"

It was Harvey and the breakdown crane. Donald and Douglas were relieved. By morning, the lines were clear. Donald and Douglas hurried off to the castle. Lord Callan's workers were waiting to unload the trucks. Soon the castle was decorated and the opening was at great success. Lord Callan was pleased

"Ah! They're a splendid pair of engines!" "And very useful!"

Added the Fat Controller. "Och aye!" Agreed the twins.

Rheneas and the Roller Coaster

Rheneas is a brave little engine who enjoys working in the mountains on the Island of Sodor. Even though he is little, Rheneas loves feeling like a really useful engine. One day, the Fat Controller came to see Rheneas.

"I have a very important job for you!"

He boomed. "An important job?!" Cried Rheneas. "Oh, thank you, sir!"

"You are to take some children up into the mountains. You must make sure they have a wonderful time and are back in time for their tea."

"Yes, sir!" Said Rheneas, but he was worried. He wasn't sure he was good enough to make the trip special. When Rheneas arrived at the station, the children and their teacher were waiting on the platform. "How can I make the children's day really special?" He said to Rusty. "You know the mountains better than any engine!" Said Rusty. But Rheneas wasn't sure his best would be exciting enough. He felt like a very little engine indeed.

The Fat Controller had told Rheneas' driver to point out all the beautiful sights along the way.

"This is Sodor Castle!" Called his driver. "It's very special and important." Rheneas saw the castle every day. He didn't think it was special or important. "I must think of something exciting to do..." He puffed to himself. "This is Valley View!" Said his driver.

"And here's the viaduct!" Rheneas was still unhappy. The trip didn't seem wonderful to him at all. "Must be special... Must be special..." He puffed. Meanwhile, Rusty was working on the Rocky Ridge line. Heavy rains had washed the ground from under the tracks. "These lines are too bumpy and uneven." Said the foreman. "The tracks must be closed for repairs!"

Rheneas was still trying to think of something that would make the children's trip special. He didn't know that the linesman had forgotten to switch the points. Suddenly, Rheneas was on the wrong track. "Oh no! This line is closed for repairs! Bust my buffers!" Chuffed Rheneas. "Be careful!" Cried Rusty. "The tracks are very bumpy!" Rheneas whooshed down the mountain like a roller coaster. The children cheered.

Rheneas puffed up the Rocky Ridge with all his might. His carriage clattered and bumped and bounced along behind, and the children ooh-ed and ah-ed. Rheneas chuffed and puffed as hard as he could. He steamed across the trestle bridge. He was going so fast, the teacher nearly lost her hat. Rheneas splashed under a waterfall. The children laughed happily, and the teacher covered her eyes.

At last, they could see the station. Rheneas was very tired and worried. What would the Fat Controller say? "Phew!" Said the teacher. "Just in time for tea!" "It was the best school trip ever!" Cried the children. The Fat Controller wasn't cross with Rheneas - he was happy too.

"You gave the children a wonderful trip. You really are a very useful engine!"

"Oh, thank you sir!" Puffed Rheneas proudly. Rheneas didn't feel like a little engine anymore...

Salty's Stormy Tale

The engines love working when the sun shines. One day Thomas and Percy were helping Salty at the docks. But Salty was worried.

"It may be sunny now matey, but there be a storm coming."

"It may be sunny now matey, but there be a storm coming." "There be a fierce storm on the way Captain." peeped Percy. Salty knew they were making fun of him. He felt sad. Later The Fat Controller arrived

"I want you to fetch Fergus from the smelters, His driver doesn't know the line."

"Aye aye sir,"

replied Salty sadly. He was glad he was going to the smelters. He didn't want to stay where he wasn't liked.

"What's wrong,"

asked Emily.

"Nobody likes being made fun of by silly tank engines, goodbye."

Emily knew she had to find Thomas and Percy immediately. "Those be dark clouds matey."

whistled Thomas, "There be a fierce storm on the way Captain." peeped Percy. Emily was cross.

"It's no nice to copy the way others speak. You hurt Salty's feelings."

"We were just having fun." said Percy. "We'll say sorry to him," added Thomas.

But Salty was nowhere to be found. Thomas and Percy were worried. Fergus was waiting for Salty when he arrived at the smelters. "Right on time." congratulated Fergus.

"Aye, but there's a storm coming."

said Salty.

"We must hurry."

Soon they were hooked up and on their way home. Salty was right about the storm. It was a fierce one. The ships at sea depend upon the lighthouse to keep them safely off the rocks. But now there was trouble. "The lighthouse lamp has gone out," cried the Captain.

Salty and Fergus worth fighting their way back through the wind and rain. Then Salty saw a latern ahead. The lighthouse keeper was waiting for him. "Our lighthouse lamp has gone out, our generator is broken," Salty had an idea.

"Fergus has a flywheel, it could power the generator."

"Hurry!" shouted the lighthouse keeper. Fergus' flywheel was attached to the generator shaft. Without the lighthouse, the ship was steaming towards the rocks. Fergus was working as fast as he could. Finally, that generator came back to life. The lighthouse being shown across the stormy sea once more, just in time. "Harder starboard matey."

Salty's idea had save the day. Fergus worked hard until first light. The next morning Salty and Fergus chugged back to the docks. They were surprised to see a crowd waiting for them.

"Thank you." said the captain. "You saved our ship."

"Well done." boomed The Fat Controller. Salty was very proud. "We're sorry if we hurt your feelings." puffed Thomas. "We were only copying you because we think you're grand." "Then say no more me harties."

replied Salty happily. Now they will all work together and have fun together as good friends should.

Snow Engine

Oliver and Duck are Great Western engines. They deliver goods and passengers when the roads are closed by deep snow. Oliver thinks snow is messy and cold. "I'm a Great Western engine!" He chuffed one day. "I shouldn't have to shiver!"

"Beggin' your pardon, Mr. Oliver..."

Said Toad.

"But I think snow is splendid!"

"Hurrumpf!"

Later, Oliver saw some children building a giant snowman for their winter festival. Each time Oliver passed by, the snowman grew bigger... And bigger... And bigger... And bigger!

"Just an observation, Mr. Oliver. Snow is magical!"

"Pah!" Finally, the snowman was complete. Oliver chuffed back to his warm cosy shed. The Fat Controller was waiting for him.

"You have to return to the mountain village. Some goods are needed for the festival."

"But all this snow makes my wheels feel chilly!"

"Really useful engines work hard whatever the weather!"

Soon, Oliver was loaded and on his way. The snow was cold. It had frozen the points and diverted Oliver into the station sidings. "Oh, shiver my boiler!" Cried Oliver. His driver applied the brakes.

"Is there a problem, Mr. Oliver?"

"Yes! There is!"

"That could have been a little smoother..."

Oliver felt awful. He thought the children would be upset about their snowman. Oliver's driver went for help. The Fat Controller was just leaving his office when he got the call.

"Mineow!"

"Duck will bring the breakdown crane first thing in the morning."

He said. Oliver's driver returned and told him the news. "I'll be out here all night!" Moaned Oliver.

"I'm afraid so..." Luckily, the village inn had a toasty warm room for Oliver's driver. But Oliver was getting colder and colder. His fire had gone out and his funnel was covered and icicles.

"H-Hoo-Hooo! I was right all along! There's nothing magical about snow! Ooh!" Toad was beginning to think Oliver might be right...

"Brrrrrrrrrr!"

Next morning, the children saw the situation. "Look!" A little girl shouted. "Our snowman has eyes in its tummy!" "No, it doesn't!" Laughed a little boy. "It's Oliver!" That gave the children an idea. When Oliver woke up, he was surrounded by happy children. "Oliver's a wonderful snow engine!" They cried. Oliver was so relieved that suddenly he didn't feel cold anymore. When Duck arrived with the breakdown crane, Oliver didn't want to leave. He was enjoying the winter festival so much. "You were right, Toad!" Oliver called. "There ARE some magical things about snow!"

"Perhaps... Mr. Oliver..."

Shivered Toad. "Ooof... Definitely!"

Something Fishy

Arthur loves working on the Island of Sodor. He is new to the railway and is still learning his way around. One morning, he discovered the fishing village. The Sun made the water sparkle and the seagulls called across the harbour. This was Arthur's favourite place. That evening, the Fat Controller came to the sheds.

"There's going to be a new line to the fishing village. I have to decide which engine is going to run it."

He paused impressively. Thomas and Percy looked away: they had enough work to do. Arthur hoped he would be chosen.

"Thomas! You will work on the new line!"

"Yes, sir..." Said Thomas, but he really didn't like the smell of fish. Arthur was disappointed. The Fat Controller sent him to haul coal to the steelworks. That evening, Thomas was at the washdown when Arthur puffed in. "Do I smell a fishy engine?" He teased. "Yes!" Huffed Thomas. "Smelly fish... Smelly new line..." Arthur wished he could go to the fishing village instead of the steelworks. He'd be much happier than Thomas.

The next morning, Thomas was still grumpy. The fishermen had caught lots of fish. "Hurry up!" Said Thomas. "I'm a busy engine!" "And a fussy one too..." Said the fishermen. "Just enjoy the fresh salty smell of the fish!" "Pfuu!" Puffed Thomas. Thomas steamed as fast as he could along the line. But there was trouble ahead. Some faulty points sent his trucks one way, and Thomas onto the old peer rail.

The trucks were delighted. "He's fallen in the water!" Luckily, Thomas wasn't hurt and the fish trucks stayed on the tracks. When the Fat Controller heard the news he checked his timetable. "Arthur is the nearest engine, I'll send him right away."

It was a hot day. The ice that was keeping the fish cold started to melt. "I hope someone comes quickly!" Moaned Thomas. "That fish will go off soon!" Arthur was surprised to see Thomas in the tidal pool. "Are you alright, Thomas?" "No, but I'll be much better when you take these fish away!" "The breakdown van will be here soon!" Called Arthur's driver. Arthur knew he had to hurry.

He raced along the line to the docks, and arrived there just in time. Later, Arthur went to see Thomas at the fitter's yard. "Thank you for helping me." Said Thomas. "Thank YOU!" Said Arthur. "I wish I had the fishing village line all the time!" "Then tell the Fat Controller because I don't like fish!" That evening, the Fat Controller came to the sheds.

"I need an engine to go to the fishing village while Thomas is being repaired."

He said.

"Any volunteers?"

"Me!" Arthur blurted out. "And please, sir, may I run on that line all the time? Thomas doesn't like fish but I do!"

"Then the line is yours!"

Said the Fat Controller. Arthur was delighted. The next morning, he puffed into the fishing village right on time. The smell of fish was everywhere, but he was sure he had the most beautiful line on the Island of Sodor.

The Runaway Elephant

The engines on the Island of Sodor were excited. A new park was being built. Everyone was working hard to get the job finished on time.

Duncan was feeling impatient,

"Get a move on slow coach."

He puffed crossly to Rusty.

"You're so slow I'll finish first,"

Duncan boasted to Skarloey. Skarloey was cross. A little later, he met Rusty at the new Park Station. "Duncan thinks he's fast." Skarloey steamed, "But he's just a bossy boiler." "Better safe than fast," Rusty agreed. Duncan drew into the station. He was all puffed up, I'm pleased with himself.

"I finished first,"

he weeshed proudly.

"In that case,"

said The Fat Controller.

"I've got a another job for you. You're to collect the elephant on the sidings and take it to the park." "Yes sir," chuffed Duncan, "This elephant is very important. You must be very careful." When Duncan saw the elephant he was surprised.

"Why, it's only a statue." He said, "This is an easy job."

"You must wait for the brake van," said the stationmaster. "This statue is very heavy."

"Nonsense," huffed Duncan to his driver.

"I've pushed heavier loads than this plenty of times."

"Let's go Duncan." said he's driver, "But we must be careful." So they left, but without the brake van. But Duncan wasn't careful, he was impatient.

"We'll show them how fast I am," Duncan whistled.

"We'll deliver this statue and I'll still finish first."

Duncan started to speed up. Soon Duncan was going as fast as his wheels could carry him. His driver was starting to worry. So we try to break, but Duncan was out of control. He was scared. He had never gone this fast. People waved, and cars tooted as Duncan sped by, Suddenly a tractor trundled across Duncan's line, "Look out!" shouted his driver.

"Slow down!" whistled Rusty. "I can't!" Duncan cried as he shot past. Elephant Park loomed ahead. Duncan's driver applied the brakes. But it was too late. That statue flew through the air, and landed in the lake. Luckily, nobody was hurt. In no time The Fat Controller arrived, he was cross,

"I told you to be careful. You should have waited for the brake van,"

he said sternly.

"I'm sorry, sir."

mumbled Duncan He felt very embarrassed.

Duncan was reapered in time for the opening of elephant Park. He was very surprised to see the statue still standing in the lake. "Everyone loves the elephant in the lake." said Lady Hatt.

"Even if it was a mistake," added The Fat Controller. "Hurray for Duncan's mistake!" cheered the engines, Duncan blushed and went a deep shade of red.

Peace and Quiet

"Hurry up!" I'm a busy engine!"

Huffed Henry. Goods arrive night and day at the docks. Sometimes, Henry and the other engines work so hard that their axles ache. The Fat Controller brought in a new engine to help with the heavy workload. He was long and had 10 drive wheels. He looked very strong.

"This is Murdoch. He's going to be pulling freight on the main line."

"Ahoy, Murdoch!"

Shouted Salty.

"Welcome, Murdoch!"

Called Harvey. "You're the biggest engine I've ever seen!" Cried Thomas. "You're a chatty lot..." Murdoch said quietly. Soon, Murdoch was coupled to a long, long line of heavy trucks. His boiler strained, his wheels started to turn, and the mighty engine chuffed away. Murdoch longed for some peace and quiet, but everywhere he went it was noisy and crowded. At the end of the day, Murdoch was looking forward to a good night's rest. But Salty and Harvey were full of questions.

"What's the longest train you've ever pulled?"

"Have you worked Marseille?"

"Have you ever crashed?"

"Please!" Murdoch chuffed. "I want some peace and quiet, and I don't want to share a shed with chatterboxes!"

"No need to be rude..."

Huffed Harvey.

"We're only being friendly, matey!"

The next morning, Murdoch collected another long heavy train. This time, he chuffed into the beautiful countryside. It was splendid. At last, he had some peace and quiet.

Suddenly, his driver applied the brakes. There were sheep on the tracks. "The sheep escaped from that field." Said the driver. "Through that broken fence." They tried to chase the sheep back. First this way, and then that way. They tried everything but nothing worked. "We'll never move these sheep by ourselves..." Complained the fireman. "I'll go and phone for help." Sighed the driver. Murdoch was very unhappy.

"Baa!" The noisy sheep was spoiling his peace and quiet. The Fat Controller was enjoying afternoon tea when he got the call. "Sheep?!" He exclaimed loudly.

"I'll send Toby with the farmer immediately!"

The sheep were becoming noisier and noisier. "Please stop..." Groaned Murdoch. "I'd rather be back with the chatterbox engines..." Just then, Toby chuffed into view. "Toby!" Exclaimed Murdoch. "We're certainly glad to see you!" Before long, the farmer and his dog went to work. And the sheep were soon safely back in their field. And Murdoch was on his way again.

That evening, Murdoch parked between Harvey and Salty, but Murdoch spoke first. "I'm sorry that I was cross." He chuffed. "I'm very pleased to share a shed with you."

"And we're pleased to have your company."

Said Harvey.

"Aye, we are!" Added Salty. "It reminds me of a story..." Murdoch smiled. The sound of 'Baa! Baa! Baa!' would have kept him awake, but a Salty story would send him happily to sleep.

Fergus Breaks the Rules

Thomas and Fergus the traction engine are friends. Fergus is the pride of the cement works. He knows all the rules and obeys them.

One day, the Fat Controller brought Devious Diesel to the cement works.

"I need Diesel to help for a while. Please show him around."

"Yes..." Said Fergus unhappily. He knew that Diesel could be trouble. Later, Diesel was being careless. "Not like that!" Snapped Fergus. "Do it right!"

"Don't interfere..."

Sneered Diesel. "You don't know the rules!" Retorted Fergus. Diesel was very annoyed with Fergus and started plotting a devious plan. Later that day, he pretended to have news for Fergus

"The Fat Controller wants you to work at the smelters."

"Me?! But I'm the pride of the cement works!"

"Not anymore! The Fat Controller says I'm better than you, so I'm going to stay here!"

"It's not fair! I love working here..." But he knew that really useful engines have to do as they are told... Fergus and his driver arrived at the smelters. "I want to go back to the cement works!"

Wailed Fergus. "None of the other engines like coming here, it's so scary!" "You're right..." Said his driver. Just then, the scrap diesels arrived.

"Ello... Are you happy to be here?"

"No!" Cried Fergus. His driver was scared too. "Come on, Fergus! We're going to escape!" And for the first time, Fergus broke the rules. The Fat Controller was enjoying a tasty supper of kippers when he heard that Fergus was missing.

"That's not like Fergus, there must be something wrong... I will send Thomas to look for him." Fergus and his driver turned onto a disused track to find a place to hide. Fergus was frightened. So was Thomas. He puffed up and down the line. He couldn't see Fergus anywhere. "We could search the old mine track." Said his driver. "That line is dark and spooky!" Whispered Thomas, but he had to be brave and find Fergus.

Fergus was on a siding. His fire had gone out. Then, it happened. "It's an engine!" He cried.

"Fergus!" Whistled Thomas. "Whatever are you doing out here?" "Hiding! Don't want to work at the smelters! The Fat Controller is going to be cross with me!" "He's not!" Cried Thomas. "He's worried about you!" "Really?" "Of course!" Puffed Thomas. Fergus felt better. Thomas pulled Fergus all the way to the smelters yard, where he knew the Fat Controller was waiting.

"Explain yourself!"

"I ran away... It's scary here..." Diesel told Fergus that you wanted him at the smelters forever." Said Thomas

"Nonsense, Fergus! You are the pride of the cement works! I shall send Diesel to the smelters, and you can go back to the cement works tomorrow."

"Oh! Thank you, sir!" Said Fergus happily. Fergus knew he had a good friend in Thomas, and he was still the pride of the cement works.

Bulgy Rides Again

In the summertime, there is no better place to be than the Island of Sodor. The engines are happy to show holidaymakers the wonderful sights to be seen. But this year, there was a problem. Thomas and Emily were in the foundry for repairs.

"I need to find a way to carry more passengers."

Grumbled the Fat Controller.

"We have more holidaymakers..."

"And fewer engines!"

Said Emily. "A double-decker problem." Added Thomas.

"Double-decker problem... Mmm..."

This gave the Fat Controller an idea. He drove straight to Bulgy's field. Bulgy is a double-decker bus. He was turned into a henhouse after he caused a silly accident.

"Good news, Bulgy! I'm putting you back on the road!"

"Thank you, sir! I'll be the best bus ever!"

Bulgy never liked being a henhouse anyway... The next day, he went to the foundry. "Bulgy!"

Exclaimed Thomas. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm going back on the road!"

"I think you'll be helping the new farmer."

Said Emily.

"He needs to deliver his vegetables around the island."

"Vegetables?! Puh! I'm going to carry passengers!"

Soon Bulgy was refitted inside and out. He looked smart and shiny. Even James was impressed.

"Mmmmm..."

When Bulgy returned to his field, the hens thought their old house looked splendid. "We'll start in the morning!" Said his driver. "You'll stay here tonight." Bulgy was soon fast asleep. But the hens missed their old home. One by one, they crept aboard, and went to sleep in the luggage racks. Bulgy knew nothing. The next morning, he picked up lots of passengers.

"All aboard!"

He tooted, and set off for the station. He was driving so smoothly, that the hens didn't wake up.

All was well, until Bulgy turned a corner. Trevor the Traction Engine was pulling a hay cart.

"Get out of my way!"

He overtook Trevor. Bulgy swerved, the hens woke up, the passengers panicked and Bulgy's driver lost control. The hens were frightened. They flapped. They squawked. "Stop!" Cried Bulgy's passengers. "We want to get off!" The passengers were covered in feathers and broken eggs. They were very cross. "This bus is full of hens!" They complained. "We shall tell the Fat Controller!" "It's not my fault!" Sulked Bulgy. The Fat Controller sent Bulgy to be cleaned.

"Silly hens! Silly passengers! You can have them both!" "Hmm, the farmer still needs help with his vegetables..." Said Emily. "A vegetable bus... That's not such a bad idea..."

"And we're back carrying passengers!" Smiled Thomas. Bulgy is happy now. He has new green paintwork and a smart serving hatch. The Fat Controller agreed he could become the island's only vegetable stand on wheels. Bulgy likes carrying vegetables. They don't lay eggs, and they never complain!

Harold and the Flying Horse

Harold the Helicopter is glad not to be a steam engine. He is much happier flying in the sky than racing along road or rails. One morning, the engines were busy preparing for the vicar's annual fête.

"I'd like to help!"

Called Harold.

"But I'm on patrol!"

He was looking for engines that might be in trouble. Meanwhile, the engines puffed to and fro with their loads for the fête. Percy was delivering deckchairs and decorations, tables and tea urns, and reminders. "Don't forget to come to the vicar's fête!"

"Thanks for the invitation!"

Called Harold.

"But duty calls!"

And he whirred away. Harold was landing at his airfield to get more fuel when he saw Pegasus - a carhorse that lives close by. Pegasus was getting ready to give rides to children. He had a shiny leather harness and a freshly painted cart. Harold was beginning to feel left out of the celebrations. He wished more than ever that he could help. Thomas puffed in with some passengers.

"Where are you going next?"

Asked Harold. "To the vicar's fête, of course! Isn't everyone?"

"Everyone except me..."

Replied Harold.

"I'm on duty."

"Yes indeed!" Said Thomas kindly. "Being a rescue helicopter is important work!"

"But no one needs rescuing..."

Sighed Harold. Then came the surprise. Harold's pilot received an urgent call from the Fat Controller.

"Pegasus is stuck in a ditch! If he doesn't get to the vicar's fête, the children will be disappointed. You must rescue him at once!"

"All set and ready for action!"

Reported Harold. "Pegasus?" Wondered Percy. "That's a funny name for a horse..."

"It's the name of a flying horse in a very old story."

Explained the Fat Controller. "Flying horse?!" Exclaimed Percy. "Horses can't fly!" He felt very clever. Harold flew to the rescue as fast as he could.

"What happened?" He asked Thomas. "We were loading the cart. Pegasus wandered off into the ditch, silly horse! Now, he's stuck! If you can take him I can take the cart."

"I'll put Pegasus in my sling." "We need to hurry!" Whistled Thomas. "The fête is about to begin!" Soon Harold's pilot had fitted Harold's sling under Pegasus. Then Harold gently lifted him into the air, and carefully carried him across the fields. When Percy saw Pegasus flying through the sky, he was amazed! "Flatten my funnel! So horses CAN fly after all!" The children cheered for Harold. He had saved the day. Soon Pegasus was hitched up to his cart. The fête was a big success, and the children had a wonderful time. Harold was happy. He stayed on duty AND had fun at the fête too.

The Grand Opening

The engines on the mountain railway were excited. They were helping to build a new line. It would take visitors to even more beautiful places on the Island of Sodor. The Fat Controller arrived with important news

"The grand opening is this afternoon. I will see the new line from the air. Lady Hatt and I will arrive on Harold the Helicopter."

Just then, Skarloey chugged in.

"You're late for the announcement!"

Complained the Fat Controller.

"Really useful engines are never late!"

"I'm sorry, sir!" At the airfield, there was another problem. "Engine trouble..." Said the pilot.

"Harold's not going anywhere today..." Lady Hatt was most upset.

"But I've been looking forward to the grand opening all week!"

"And I, my dear, will find a solution!"

And he did.

"Topham! You cannot be serious! Me?! Ride in this?!"

"The wind direction is perfect. We'll be there in no time!"

Soon, the hot air balloon rose into the sky. But Skarloey was upset. "All this extra work is going to make me late again..." The hot air balloon was floating peacefully through the sky. Lady Hatt was enjoying herself.

"The new line looks splendid!"

She said.

"Thank you, my dear..."

Replied the Fat Controller. Down the track, the workmen were still loading their ladders. "Hurry up! Hurry up!" Skarloey puffed. "If Skarloey doesn't hurry..." Sighed the Fat Controller. "He'll be late again..." All the engines were ready for the grand opening. "Where's Skarloey?" Rusty asked. "He promised to be on time..." Said Peter Sam. At last, Skarloey was on his way. Then there was trouble. The balloon's flame suddenly went out. The air in the balloon cooled and the balloon started to fall. "Hold tight!" The pilot called. "I want to get out!" Demanded Lady Hatt.

"Not now, dear..." Said Sir Topham Hatt. "The balloon's going to land in the tree!" Cried Skarloey. And it came down right in front of Skarloey. "There's the Fat Controller!"

"My hat is ruined!" Cried Lady Hatt. "So is mine..." Said the Fat Controller. "Don't worry!" Called Skarloey's driver. "We'll soon have you down!"

"Am I glad to see you, Skarloey!"

"Thank you, sir!" Before long, Sir Topham and Lady Hatt were safely on the ground. They boarded Skarloey's boxcar, and set off at once. Everyone was waiting as Skarloey brought his important passengers to the grand opening. The Fat Controller declared the new line open.

"With special thanks to Skarloey."

He said.

"For helping us get here!"

Everyone cheered. "Even so, you were still late!" Teased Rusty. "I know!" Said Skarloey. "But because I was late, The Fat Controller was right on time!"

Best Dressed Engine

It was May Day and the engines were celebrating.

They knew there'd be music and lots of fun. The station was being decorated. The Fat Controller said that the engines could be too. "I'm going to have flags and streamers." whistled Percy. "I'm going to have a big red banner." whistled Thomas. "What decorations will you have Gordon?" asked Murdoch. "Decorations aren't dignified for an important engine like me. I pull the Express."

Gordon was feeling insulted. "Silly little engines," he grunted. Thomas was enjoying himself. He was bringing a may pole, the farmer's children waved and Thomas peeped happily as he passed by.

Soon it was time for the decorating. Percy's driver was wrapping streamers and flags around his funnel. Thomas had a big red banner on these tanks, even Murdoch was being decorated, although he was very shy about it.

"We could have a competition for the best dressed engine."

suggested James. Just then Gordon shunted in, "A competition," he puffed. "I'm bound to win any competition."

"You'll have to be decorated."

said James,

"This is a Best Dressed Engine competition."

"Not me." puffed Gordon. "You'd never catch me looking so ridiculous."

The engines felt splendid. But not Gordon. He was cross, "Decorations aren't dignified. Huh, Who cares about your competition anyway." Further down his line, a colourful banner was strung across the bridge. Then, as Gordon steamed across the bridge, it came loose and wrapped around his firebox. He couldn't see the line ahead.

Gordon tried to woosh the banner off, but the banner wouldn't budge. "I can't see." he whistled loudly to his driver. "Stop!" "You can't stop Gordon." His driver called back "You're the express." Trevor the Traction Engine was chugging slowly along with his load of apples for the children's Apple Bob. Trevor heard a whistle. He was going as fast as he could. But it wasn't fast enough. The apples were all smashed.

James was the last engine to join the competition or so he thought. "He comes Gordon." cried the passengers.

"We didn't think you wanted to be decorated." teased Thomas. "I didn't," huffed Gordon.

"Well, he's definitely the best dressed engine,"

said James. All the engines agreed.

Gordon was secretly pleased. But he didn't think it was dignified to say so, Silly Gordon.

Gordon and Spencer

It was a sunny day on the Island of Sodor, all the engines were working hard. Gordon was feeling very excited.

"Morning Thomas, I look my best and you know why?" "Why?" "Because the Duke and Duchess are visiting, The Fat Controller will be choosing me as their special engine." "Pah." huffed Thomas.

After Gordon had been washed and polished, he rushed away to meet the visitors. But a signal diverted Gordon into a siding. He was very upset. "I'm going to be late." He muttered, A huge engine rocketed by, "Steaming pistons. Who's that?"

Gordon soon found out, when he arrived at the shed the huge engine was humming quietly.

"HMM!"

"Who are you?"

"This is Spencer. He's the fastest engine in the world."

"Huh," But secretly Gordon was impressed.

"I'm the Duke and Duchess' private engine, I take them everywhere."

"Quiet. That will be a party for our guests at Maron Station."

"That's far away over Gordon's Hill."

"You'll need to take on plenty of water." muttered Gordon.

"I have plenty of water."

weeshed Spencer and he raced away. "I was only trying to be useful," grunted Gordon.

Spencer showed the Duke and Duchess many beautiful places, but he never stopped once to take on more water. Gordon and Thomas we're collecting passengers when Spencer raced through on his way to the party. "Don't forget the water."

"Who cares."

"He'll be in trouble soon." sighed Thomas, and Spencer was. He ran out of water on Gordon's Hill.

"Why didn't I listen?"

sighed Spencer. The Fat Controller soon heard the news.

"I'll send Gordon."

When Gordon arrived the stationmaster was waiting. "You need to rescue Spencer. He stuck on the hill." "Hurry Gordon," said his driver.

Gordon was looking forward to seeing Spencer. "Run out of water?" he teased

"Yes!" snapped Spencer.

"I must have a leaky tank." "Perhaps," smiled Gordon, "But we better hurry. Everyone is waiting." Gordon switched to Spencer's line and was coupled up. Then they set off

"See," said Gordon, "We're right on time." Spencer was embarrassed. "What do you think of Spencer now?" whispered Thomas.

"Too much puff and not enough steam."

"Well done."

said The Fat Controller.

"You're the fastest engine on Sodor."

"I know that." muttered Gordon.

Not So Hasty Puddings

It was Christmastime on the Island of Sodor. The Fat Controller's engines were busy. The snow made their journeys difficult. They had to work hard to deliver passengers and goods to their destinations on time. This made the engines feel very reliable.

Elizabeth pulled into the fitter's yard with Thomas' snowplough. "I don't need that silly old thing!" Huffed Thomas

"Stuff and nonsense!"

Steamed Elizabeth.

"You can't be a reliable engine if you can't get through the snow!"

That made Thomas cross. "You know I'm reliable! I just don't like my snowplough!"

"Elizabeth is rude!" Thomas chuffed. "And this snowplough makes my buffers ache!" Later, Thomas saw the Fat Controller talking to Elizabeth.

"The Sodor pudding factory is snowed in. Their Christmas puddings must get to the docks before the ship sails for the mainland!"

"Let me do the job!"

"I need you on your line! Besides, Elizabeth knows those roads well, she's very reliable."

"I'm reliable too!" Huffed Thomas.

"Apparently not reliable enough!"

Elizabeth chuffed. Now, Thomas was crosser still... The snow was heavy, but Thomas arrived at every station right on time. Elizabeth was struggling to stay on the road. Her wheels did not like the slippery ice at all. When Thomas arrived at the docks to pick up Terence, he was surprised that Elizabeth had not returned. "The ship will miss the tide." Said the dock manager.

"And the children won't have their Christmas puddings. Thomas! Go and look for Elizabeth at once!"

"Yes, sir." Answered Thomas. "Perhaps Elizabeth isn't so reliable after all!" At the pudding factory, Elizabeth was piled high with crates of Christmas puddings.

"The Fat Controller's counting on me, I mustn't be late!"

She chuffed onto the icy road. Suddenly, she was on a steep hill. Her driver applied the brakes. Elizabeth slid out of control into a deep snowdrift. Poor Elizabeth... Thomas and Terence puffed through the swirling snow. They couldn't see Elizabeth anywhere. Soon, they spotted her driver: he was standing by the level crossing. "Elizabeth is stuck under the snow!" Her driver exclaimed. "I need help to dig her out!" Terence rescued her in no time. "We'll have to hurry!" Said Thomas. "It wasn't your fault, Elizabeth. It's the slippery roads!" And Elizabeth felt much better. Thomas chuffed and puffed as fast as he could. They reached the docks just in time. The Fat Controller was delighted to see the bakery crates and that Elizabeth was safe and well.

"We'll get you unloaded immediately!"

"Now the children will have their Christmas puddings! Said Thomas.

"Well done!"

Said the Fat Controller.

"Oh, thank you Thomas!"

Said Elizabeth.

"You and I are both reliable!"

Thomas agreed.

Trusty Rusty

Rusty repairs the railway that winds through the mountains on the Island of Sodor. The little diesel checks that the tracks, tunnels and bridges are all in good working order. One day Rusty was crossing the old wooden bridge. There was a big bump in the track. Rusty's driver stopped to check the bridge. "There are cracks in the support." He said "That could be dangerous," cried Rusty. "It might fall down if it's not repaired," and they hurried off to warn the other engines. The engines were waiting for their coal when Rusty arrived. "Don't use the old wooden bridge," said Rusty, "It's dangerous."

"How would you know."

wheeshed Duncan.

"You're only a Diesel."

and he puffed crossly away. He didn't even wait for his coal. Rusty hurry down the mountain to tell The Fat Controller the bad news.

"Thank you."

said The Fat Controller

"I'll send engineers to investigate the bridge. Meanwhile, nobody is to use it."

Rusty's driver caught up a sign line closed. The engines had to travel a different way.

Meanwhile, Duncan needed more coal to get home. But when he arrived at the coal bunker, it was empty.

"Bother, I won't go home without more coal. Where's our nearest bunker?"

"On the other side of the old wooden bridge, but you can't cross. Rusty says it's not safe."

"Ah, Rusty always makes things sound worse than they are."

"I'm sure one trip across the old wooden bridge won't hurt." added his driver. When they go to the junction, Duncan's driver removed the sign. They set off towards the bridge.

This was a big mistake. Suddenly, Duncan hissed to a halt.

"I'm out of steam."

He had used up all his coal,

"What's that?"

he asked nervously. His driver knocked out. The old wooden bridge was starting to collapse.

"Rusty." called Skarloey, "Duncan's gone across the bridge." "I'd better check he's all right," the little diesel said. But the cracks in the supports were getting larger. A beam snapped, Timber pieces splashed into the walls.

"Help!" whistled Duncan. "I'm going to fall."

Rusty was on the way. Soon the little diesel rich the old wooden bridge. Duncan had never looked so scared. Rusty chuffed bravely onto the bridge.

"Careful!" gasped Duncan. Soon they were coupled up. "Hold on," said Rusty. "OOH!" shouted Duncan.

The little diesel pulled him off the bridge, Just in time.

The Fat Controller was cross,

"That was very irresponsible."

"Yes sir, Sorry sir. and Rusty You were very brave"

"Yes Rusty, you really are a useful engine."

"Thank you, sir." Rusty felt very reliable too.

Three Cheers for Thomas

It was an exciting day on the Island of Sodor.

"Good morning!"

Called Harold. Annie and Clarabel were full of happy children. Thomas was taking them to their annual sports day. Everything was ready for the day to begin. "I hope I'm number one and win a medal!" Said a boy. "It must be splendid to win a medal..." Chuffed Thomas. "After all, I'm Engine #1!" Thomas worked hard all day, but he kept thinking about medals. He imagined himself wearing a gold medal on a red ribbon. How smart he would look! "Hello, Thomas!" Whistled Percy. "I'm taking the Fat Controller to Sports Day!" "You can see the egg-and-spoon race!" Chuffed Thomas. "I didn't know eggs and spoons had races..." "The CHILDREN race with eggs and spoons!" Said Bertie. "And the winner gets a medal. I wish I could get a medal..." "You'll need to win a race first!" Whistled Percy. "I'll race you, Thomas! The first one to the station is the winner!" "You're on!" Whistled Thomas. "Ready, steady, go!"

"Hurry, Bertie!" Beeped Thomas. Then Thomas had to stop to pick up some passengers. "Better hurry, Thomas!" Teased Bertie, as he rattled over the bridge.

Then Bertie had to stop at a level crossing. "Last one there puffs hot air!" Called Thomas. Thomas was nearly at the station. As he drew near the playing field, a signalman flagged him down. Now Thomas was really cross. Bertie was sure to win. Then, he saw the Fat Controller. "Thomas! The sports day medals have been left in my office! You must fetch them at once! We can't let the children down!"

"Of course not, sir!" Replied Thomas, and he chuffed away. Meanwhile, Bertie had raced into the station. "I won!" Shouted Bertie. "I won!" And he waited eagerly for Thomas. He waited, and waited. But Thomas had forgotten about the race. He was thinking about the children. "I can't let them down... I can't let them down..."

At last, Thomas puffed back into the big station. The stationmaster gave Thomas' driver the box of medals. Then Thomas set on again.

He arrived just in time.

"Well done!"

Said the Fat Controller.

"Thank you, sir!" Panted Thomas. The Fat Controller presented the medals to the winners.

"Congratulations."

"Thank you, sir!" The next day, Bertie and the medal-winner arrived with a surprise for Thomas. A small boy presented him with a gold medal on a red ribbon.

"You were very helpful at Sports Day."

"So we thought you should have a medal of your own!" Added the boy. "My very own medal!" Said Thomas. "Thank you!" "Three cheers for Thomas - the Number One Engine!" "But I still won the race!" Tooted Bertie. Thomas just beeped happily.

